Vol. II. No 36. Total 88.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *July* 17, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXII.

Feelings—The best meal love makes.—A country gentleman.—A living thermometer and berometer.—The old questions.—The deseases of the mind and body: which the worse.—Hiring a servant.—How to cure yourself of jacobinism.—A shriek.—The consequence. Barclay attacked by numbers.—Gregory's conduct on the occasion.—A broken head.—A discovery very little expected.—Anguish and remorse.—Barclay pressed her to his heart, and she revived.

As Gregory had proved himself capable of such friendship as might vie with all antiquity, adhering to Barclay to the last, in the height of prosperity and in the depth of misfortune, he could not refuse him any thing. Therefore, when he petitioned to accompany him into the country, he granted his request. Barclay was anxious to begin the course which the merchant might have laid down for him, that he might the sooner refund the money he and the parson had advanced. The day after his emancipation was consequently fixed for their departure. Having packed up what things they wanted, Gregory carried them to the stage, and as Barclay found in the morning, took a place for him in the inside, and one for himself on the out. Barclay would have altered this arrangement, but Gregory's intreaties prevailed, and he let him indulge his humour.

When Barclay was seated, and the coach went off, he felt a certain pleasing trepredation about his heart, which he could not easily define. The thought, however, that he was every minute drawing nearer and nearer to Penelope, and that he should in the end almost breathe the same atmosphere with her; and the expectation that he might perhaps even hear from her, may, without understanding much of the *art of love*, be found perhaps, to account pretty tolerably for the feelings he experienced. "No passion," says Grainger,* "makes more frequent feasts on expectation than love; and a wicked wit has said, that these are the most pleasing meals it enjoys."

His sole companion in the carriage was a respectable-looking country gentleman, and, as he afterwards proved to be, a well informed sensible man. I have already touched on the taciturnity of strangers in this country, and it is too true (I beg the reader's pardon for having been guilty of a truth!) to admit of a contradiction. Added to this characteristic, an Englishman is the most perfect living thermometer and berometer in the universe. If all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both.

"Nice warm weather this, Sir?" said the gentleman.

"Very much so, indeed," replied Barclay, "and I hope it will be of service to the harvest."

"Hope it will, Sir," was the reply; and then a dead silence reigned for an hour, when Barclay, purchasing a news-paper at one of the turnpikes, gave rise to a more animated conversation. First, however, another eternal, never-failing question was put—

"Any news, Sir?"

"I'll read to you," said Barclay, "if you'll give me leave?"

This being readily allowed, Barclay proceeded, commenting, in a pleasant manner, as he went on, which made so great a breach in the formality before existing between them, that the gentleman began to be more communicative of his thoughts. Reading a literary paragraph, he observed:

"Sir, we have too many books already, in my opinion, and if there was not another written for a hundred years, we should still have more than are needful. The author you have been reading about, is, tho' he cloaths it in his writings, an athiest——his mind is deseased, and no good fruit can proceed from it."

"You are in the right, Sir," replied Barclay; "and Cicero justly observes, that the deseases of the mind are more pernicious than those of the body; but he does not give this reason for it, namely, that the deseases of the body commonly affect none but the person afflicted, whilst those of the mind are often injurious to many others; and sometimes, when they attack great minds, to a whole race!"

"Which comment," said he, "seems equally just."

After these mutual compliments, they became much more familiar; and the subject of democracy being started, the gentleman told him, that he had lately had a curious conversation, in hiring a servant in the country; which Barclay intimating a wish to hear, the other related it in the following way:

"Well, Sir," said I to the man, after being satisfied with respect to the rest of his character, "I hope you are neither a ministerialist, nor an anti-ministerialist—what have such fellows as you to do with politics?

"True, your honour," he replied, "and I am neither, but I was some time ago a

* Note on El. 5. of Tibullus.

rank Jacobin. However, I cured myself of that."

'Ay, how, prithee?' I enquired.

'Why, I said to myself one day!' continued he, 'Nol, said I, what is the reason my friend, that you wished the minister deposed, and the other party in place? Do you think you'd be any the better for it? Zooks, Sir, I found I could not answer this as an honest man should, so I concluded that I had been only joining the hue and cry of 'stop thief,' without knowing whether the man we were in pursuit of was a thief, or indeed, whether the thief was not amongst those who were crying 'stop thief;' and further, I began to perceive, that I only wished a change for the sake of a bustle and a riot. Seeing this, I was ashamed of myself, and resolved never to meddle with party matters again.'

'In truth, Nol,' said I, "you acted the part of a wise man, and I wish the habit of consulting our consciences, about our actions, was a little more prevalent than it is. A politician is a great character, so is a philosopher, but don't be deceived by appearance: every man who abuses ministers, and complains of the constitution and laws of his country, is not a politician; nor is every one a philosopher who laughs at religion, despises all human ties, lets his beard grow, and banishes pity and humanity from his heart. Yet there are many, Nol, who would pass for politicians and philosophers, merely because they come under these descriptions.'

Various other topics were now discussed, which are not of sufficient interest to merit repetition. Arriving late in the night at the inn where Barclay was obliged to quit the coach, as he was going no further on the great road, he took leave of his fellow-traveller, and it not being more than twelve miles to the place the merchant had appointed him as a rendezvous, he resolved to rest at the inn that night, and set off some time after breakfast the next morning. He was the more inclined to make this resolution, as he had a long heath to cross in his way, which, if not dangerous, was certainly, in the dark, not very agreeable or inviting. The inn he slept at stood alone on the edge of the heath, for the purpose, as it would appear, of accommodation to post-chaises and stages.

Having supped, they retired to rest. It was then about one o'clock in the morning. Barclay had not been in bed above two hours, when his attention was excited by a violent scuffling, a few rooms from the one he occupied and he presently heard a faint shriek—faint to his ear, owing to the distance, but loud enough to fill his soul with alarm. He started up in his bed, listened, and heard it again. 'Twas Penelope's! he had no longer cause to doubt it.

Hurrying on a part of his cloaths, and seizing his cudgel, he rushed out of his chamber, and following the sound, soon came to the door of the room—he burst in, and, with terrified looks, beheld Penelope, her hair dishevelled, struggling to escape from the arms of the Honourable Mr. Buckle, who at the sight of our hero, stood aghast, not knowing what to do.

'Villian!' cried Barclay, 'release her!'

Here he darted between them, and caught Penelope in his arms. She knew her deliverer, and stammering out his name, fainted away.

At this moment the Abbe, who had been on the watch, entered precipitately, and locked the door. Mr. Buckle being seconded, felt his courage return, and they together attacked Barclay, who held Penelope in one arm, and with the other brandished his club, in defiance of them both. The Abbe had taken the poker, and Mr. Buckle presented a pistol, threatning to fire, if he did not instantly quit the room. Barclay was careless of his threats, and he fearing to fire, lest, as they were situated, he should hit Penelope, Barclay twice struck his pistol from his hand.

The riot was now loud enough to rouse the whole house; but the family, being probably paid for pretending to be asleep, never appeared. Not so with Gregory—he heard the bustle, and amongst other voices, his master's, and came like lightening to his assistance. He thundered and roared at the door, but all to no purpose. He would have presently broke it open, but the Abbe, aware of that, placed his back against it, and prevented him. In the midst of his rage, a thought occurred to him, and, hurrying out of the house, he climbed up to one of the windows, and just as his master was nearly overpowered jumped into the room, and decided the fate of the day. He siezed Mr. Buckle's pistol, and endeavoured to discharge it at him, but in vain; he then assaulted the Abbe, who defended himself as well as he was able; but Gregory soon brought him with a blow of his cudgel, to measure his length on the ground, with an head nearly split in two. Throwing away his stick, Gregory now began to pummel him with all his might. The Abbe vainly exclaimed—— "*Monsieu Gregoire*, vat you do! Pardon, pardon!' for Gregory still persevered, swearing all the time in the most bitter manner.

At this crisis the door was broke open, and the Parson rushed in, the very picture of horror and dismay!

Seeing Mr. Buckle, he ejaculated in a piercing tone:

'Your child! She is your own child!' and then unable to stand, he sunk into a chair.

'Who?' cried Mr. Buckle, wildly.

'She! she!' exclaimed the Parson, pointing to Penelope, still leaning, insensible, on Barclay.

'Great God!!' he ejaculated, hiding his face with his handkerchief, then turning quickly round he added hastily—"But how—how!'

The Parson now explained as well he was able, that before Mr. Buckle went on his travels, he debauched a great number of girls, amongst whom, he got one, a peasant's daughter, with child. 'She lived,' continued he, 'in a village some miles from us. The mother died of a broken heart, and I took the infant, and brought her up, and at a convenient season, let her come and live with me. She grew to my heart. I loved her as my own! and still marking the profligacy of your conduct, I could not—could not let you know she was yours. But how nearly had my well-meant secrecy, filled the remnant of my days with sore affliction and unavailing sorrow!' here he closed his hands together, and bowing his head, he added, 'but thou, O God, seest every thing—thou art all-wise, and orderest all things for the best!'

Mr. Buckle now, for the first time, took an inward view of himself, and shocked at the blackness of his perpetual, and ever-accumulating crimes, he exclaimed, striking his forehead: 'wretch, wretch that I am: there is no mercy for me! Cling, cling misery to my heart, for, oh! I have well deserved thee! I cannot,' (looking towards Penelope, and making a motion to approach) 'no, no—I cannot—I cannot,' With this he forced himself out of the room, and throwing himself into his chaise, hurried from the scene.

Listening to the Parson's relation with extended hands, and a mind incapable of other thought, Gregory had suffered the Abbe to creep away, who had waited below, expecting Mr. Buckle to take him home; but when Mr. Buckle beheld him, he loathed his sight, and, avoiding him as a pest, would not suffer his approach.

Penelope was by this time somewhat recovered, and seeing the Parson, had thrown herself into his arms. Then pointing to Barclay—'he is my deliverer!' she cried, and burst into tears. The Parson wept also.

Barclay, thinking it necessary, explained the cause of his presence there, to the per-

fect satisfaction of the Parson, who shook him warmly by the hand.

'I will stay in this detested house,' said he, 'no longer. Pen, you are weak, but bear up my child; we shall soon get relief. The chaise is waiting that brought me hither—let us return this instant.'

Penelope was so exhausted with fright, that she could make no reply, but, supported by the Parson and Barclay, she descended the stairs. Endeavouring to get into the chaise, she again almost fainted, and again reclined on Barclay. He pressed her to his heart, and she revived. Being at length seated in the chaise, they drove away leaving Barclay in doubt, so suddenly had every thing happened, whether he had not been the dupe of some idle dream.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Anecdote of General Elliot, fully equal to the one lately related of Buonaparte.

During the seige of the impenetrable fortress of Gibraltar by the Spaniards, it was customary with the general to take his nightly rounds, in order to see if all was safe, and the centinels alert on there duty. One night disguised in his roquelean, when on this business, he came up to a centinel, who, overcome with fatigue, was fast asleep, with his musket in his arms. The general clapt him on the shoulder, and rousing him, said, "thank God, General Elliot awoke you." The poor fellow almost petrified with astonishment, dropped his arms and fell down; but in a few minutes recovering himself, the General walked on, and desired him to be more careful. Death the soldier expected must be his punishment, and dreaded the dawn of day, which he supposed would usher him to a Court-martial. Fortunately, however, for him, the General did not mention the circumstance, nor ever took further notice of it; but a few days afterwards, the General being present while the soldiers were busily employed in carrying bags of sand, the man shewed himself particularly industrious, and, as if eager to make atonement for his past neglect, took two to carry, beneath the weight of which he could scarcely stand; this being observed by the General, he again addressed him, saying, 'My good fellow, do not attempt more than you are able to carry, lest you should sustain an injury that may deprive us of your future services which are of infinitely more consequence than the additional burden you would now carry.'

AS a cock and a horse were travelling together, 'Let us make a bargain (said the cock) not to tread on each other.'

MORAL.

Every man should take care of himself.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a Judge. I believe you I replied; but every magistrate is a man before he is a Judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice; and then I related to him this tale.

A countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid Judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment, the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in the moment he felt more as a man than a judge and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her,' cried the poor man, out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. 'O sir! my cause is lost.' 'Put yourself in my place,' says the judge, quite confused, 'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took a hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of laying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of laying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

Recipe to Destroy Bugs, very useful at this season of the year.

TAKE of the highest rectified spirit of wine, (viz. lamp spirits), that will burn all away dry, and leave not the least moisture behind, half a pint; newly distilled oil, or spirit of turpentine, half a pint; mix them together and break into it, in small pieces, half an ounce of camphire, which will dissolve in it in a few minutes: shake them together, & with a piece of spunge or a brush dipped in some of it, wet very well the bed or furniture wherein those vermin harbour and breed, and it will infallibly kill and destroy both them and their nits, should they swarm ever so much. The bed or furniture must be well and thoroughly wet with it (the dust upon them being first brushed and shook off, by which means, it will neither stain, soil, or in the least, hurt the finest silk or damask bed. The quantity above mentioned, of this curious neat white mixture will rid any one bed whatever, if it should swarm with bugs: if you touch a live bug with a drop of it, it will die instantly. If any bug or bugs should happen to appear after once using it, it will only be for want of well wetting the lacing, &c. of the bed, or the folding of the linings or curtains near the rings, on the joints or holes in or about the bed, head-board, &c. wherein the bugs or nits nestle and breed; and then, after being well wet again with more of the same mixture, which dries in as fast as you use it, pouring some of it into the joints and holes where the sponge or brush cannot reach, will never fail absolutely to destroy them all. Some beds that have much wood work, can hardly be thoroughly cleared without being first taken down; but others may that can be drawn out or that you can get well behind, to be done as it should be.

The smell which this mixture occasions will be all gone in two or three days: its scent is very wholesome, and, to many people, agreeable. You must remember always to shake the mixture well together whenever you use it, which must be in the day-time, not by candle-light, lest the subtlety of the mixture should catch the flame whilst you are using it, and occasion damage.

ANECDOTE.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a man in the town of ——, Massachusetts, endeavoured to push his own election for a member in the General Assembly; but his townsmen were so disgusted at the circumstance of his electioneering for himself, that they almost unanimously denied him their votes, and instead of making him an Assemblyman, they appointed him an overseer of swine. Immediately on his being elected to this unexpected office, he stepped forward in town meeting, and addressing his fellow-townsmen in a very handsome manner, thanked them for the honor they had done him, and promised to discharge the duties of his office to the best of his abilities.—This promise he faithfully performed, insomuch that not a single swine was suffered to run at large in his district, without being well yoked and ringed. At the next election, he had policy enough to be passive, when his townsmen of there own accord, set him up as candidate for the General Assembly, and almost unanimously gave him their votes.

[*Balance.*

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 4.

. . . . . *The fair commands the song.*
Time was when clothing, *sumptuous or for use,*
Save their own painted skins, *our sires had none.*

COWPER.

WHEN I first introduced myself to the reader, I believe there was a contract made on my part for the smallest possible use of *egotism* in my lucubrations. There was, however, one thing omitted in my account of myself, for which pardon must be solicited of the fair, if any of the sex should be included in the number of my readers. This circumstance being of some importance, has induced me to repeat the monosyllable *I*, oftener perhaps than would otherwise be the case. But I hate apologies, and so to my relation. When very young, the perusal of romances, and other works of the imagination, operated so forcibly on my mind, that I worked myself more than once into a violent love-fit. Fortunately for me, the objects of my ideal passion, were wise enough to turn a deaf ear to my rapturous effusions. Reiterated disappointments converted my enthusiastic attachment to individuals into a temperate affection for the whole sex. This however was effected as much by the operation of fear as any thing else, for I had endured so much ridicule from the goddesses of my idolatry, that it inspired me with a reverential awe, which has been but little diminished as I have advanced in years. The observations I have since been enabled to make on their general character, has confirmed me in the opinion, that their talents, by their superior brilliancy, compensate for the deficiency of that solidity which distinguishes my own sex, and their aptness to receive and improve upon all ideas, with their docility in learning the more refined branches of *science*, as *dancing*, &c. must certainly place them on a parallel with men, if not elevate them above it. I was led into these reflections, by observing what immense improvements were daily made by my fair country-women in the regions of Fancy and Fashion. Indeed their talents for improvement and extension are universal. Every idea of a new absurdity in dress which they borrow, is so vastly improved, that like most of the empty bubbles that float on the buoyant surface of the wildly-meandering stream of fashion, the original parents are obliged to consign the offspring of fancy to those who have erased every feature of rationality from its countenance. *Head-dresses* have heretofore been the centre of operations—Turbans from the black inhabitants of St. Domingo—Bonnets from the Nile (or Nile Bonnets at least)—Wigs, originally from the ensanguined plains of Italy, or the blood-stained banks of the Rhine, have in their turns presided on the head of beauty; and those locks which were once the pride of some of their uninformed fellow-creatures, pressed into the service of the ladies, become the ornaments of refinement and the auxiliaries of fashion. How much to be admired is this disposition to make things apparently of no intrinsic value, contribute to the triumph of beauty, and aid the powers of fascination! With the male part of the creation, who boast the possession of reason, the progress of fashion, though considerable, is not so rapid. Indeed the fair seem to anticipate every improvement, and appropriate the cultivation of personal attraction almost exclusively to themselves. How delighted must every admirer of beauty feel—how elated must be every patriotic bosom, when we behold the fashionable follies of the old world transplanted into the prolific soil of America, and flourish in all their natural luxuriance. These exotics, thus engrafted on the fruitful stock of our native genius, expand their gaudy blossoms, and throw the veteran nations of Europe in the back ground of this genuine sketch of the state of the present fashionable times. The celebrated Cowper observes,

Time was when *clothing*, sumptuous or for use,
Save their own *painted skins* our sires had *none*.

The belles of the present day venerating the virtues of their renowned ancestors, are emulous of recalling the age of perfect simplicity, and by a rapid gradation are approaching the enviable situation of their predecessors, as recorded by the poet. Animated by a noble spirit of generosity and independence, and conscious of the powers of attraction they possess, they appear determined to rise superior to vulgar maxims and received prejudices, and reveal in all their *native loveliness*, those charms which the influence of the despot, Custom, has too long concealed. Admirable elevation of sentiment!—how will every bosom heave, every heart throb with wild emotion, when the joyful period shall arrive, and the glorious contemplated reformation in the habits of the sex shall be completed! What incalculable benefits must result from the proposed revolution! Manners must correspond with appearances; the artful decorations which at present are used to set off the fair form of beauty, will be laid aside, and the simple ornaments of our sires substituted in their place; then my country with what pride will I acknowledge thee! Comparatively in a state of infancy when weighed in the balance against the old world, how rapid has been thy progress in refinement!—last to receive the genial influence of fashion, thou wilt be the first to establish her unlimited empire over the mind, and rear her fantastic ensign on the annihilation of those degrading customs which have hitherto depressed genius, and chained down the powers of intellect. The ladies patriotically resolve to prove the daring spirit of their country, and evince to the world their heroism. Go on ye fair champions of folly, and daughters of dissipation—go on and prosper. Succeeding ages shall find no improvement to make in the vast field you have engaged in, for you will have anticipated them all. Fame shall record on her page, in characters never to be obliterated, the courage with which you burst the chains of those tyrants—Delicacy and Virtue. Let Europe boast her statesmen, her warriors and her men of science—let them obey the imperious dictates of custom, duty or honour; be it *your* pride to contemn their despicable meanness, and while they embrace their fetters as the preservers of their dearest privileges, with the uninteresting languid smile of servile pride, be it *yours* to erect on the ruins of prejudice, a monument to your genius and heroism, immortal as the goddess of your adorations. Society must bless the happy æra; recorded in the annals of our country, posterity must celebrate the joyful epocha of this our second attainment of Independence, with infinitely greater gladness than the first. No longer shall there exist such species of beings, as prudes, coquettes, or old *maids*; but all distinctions will be lost amid the reign of Folly, the whirl of Fashion, and the triumph of Pleasure. Variety, in all her fantastic shapes, will preside over the widely-extended scene of uninterrupted delight, and banishing Prudence and Reflection to the wild desarts of some country, whose impervious mazes have never been explored by human eye, continue to be the benignant divinity of an earthly Elysium—*O virtus! O patria mea!*

W.

The Caterer.

NO. III.

By Peter Diligent.

AMONG the many foolish modes of gratifying the malignant passions, none can be more inconsistent, than that which sometimes takes place among the Hindoos in the East-Indies. Not very long ago, one of these people living at a small village, a few miles from Benares, had a dispute with one of his neighbours, concerning the use of a sugar-mill, the right of watering his grounds, and some other matters, which could easily have been redressed, had he made proper application; but without seeking relief by law, he repaired to the door of his opponent, and in the frenzy of passion, ripped up his own body, and then desired to be carried to the Resident in order to obtain justice; but he expired on the way.—This to be sure must be allowed to be a more summary mode, than that which is prevalent in this country, among our *Majors* and *Generals*, and *et ceteras*; but it is quite as safe for society. The poor Hindoo vents his passion at once, and is the alone sufferer; but here (mark the progress of civilization!) our high-blooded *gentry* must first challenge each other to fight a duel—awaken the utmost anxiety of their friends and families—place their feelings on the rack—they must meet, with their seconds—measure their ground—and fire both at once: that is to say, they must try to murder each other both at the same time. If they don't do it the first fire, they must try a second time, perhaps a third or fourth; or even a fifth; of which we have had a recent example. For such is the sanguinary *laws of honour*, that nothing but the blood of one or both of the parties will satisfy them.—But where, O my country! do thy laws slumber?—to what dark corner have they fled? when even those who have had a voice in making them, are suffered to violate them with impunity. Nay, thy laws have not fled—they still exist, a satire upon thy citizens; and proclaim aloud, that *virtue* no longer actuates their bosoms.

To tell these *men of honour*, that their sanguinary mode of settling differences is contrary to the laws of the land, destructive of domestic happiness, and an open violation of the precepts of Christianity, is talking to the wind—To forgive injuries is no part of their creed.

—

OF LIFE.

THERE is not a word in the English language more frequently used, nor more ambiguous in its meaning, than LIFE. We hear of persons being *acquainted with life*, *enjoying life*, *having a taste for life*. Misers, lovers, men of pleasure, business and ambition, appropriate it to themselves, and exclude the pretension of all the world beside. They permit others to breathe, and move and exist; but to LIVE, is a peculiar privilege of their own. Even those who invert the course of nature, and never begin to wake 'till the season of repose, assume the name of *fine spirits*, possessed of the invaluable secret of improving life to the utmost, and entitled to treat the most respectable characters with contempt. Passion, education, and fancy, determine men to different pursuits, and pride is always ready to vindicate their choice. Hence it happens, that every station has had its friends and advocates; that some are charmed with the grandeur of a public scene, and others with the freedom and independence of obscurity; that some look upon life as a ridiculous farce, and others as an agreeable tour, always presenting new prospects, pleasures, and adventures. If you will believe the philosopher, no gratification is so exquisite as the discovery of truth; and if you credit the Epicure, no entertainment is like that of a luxurious table.

According to the degrees of life which mankind seem to possess, they cannot be more justly divided than into the three classes of *rational*, *animal*, and *vegetable*. If all but the first were to be cancelled out of existence, what a proscription would there be of the human race! For none belong to that order, but those who consider the end pointed out by their frame and situation, and unite every passion and faculty in the pursuit of them; who fill some useful place in society, and direct their actions by well examined and approved principles. In the second class, we may range all those who blindly follow the distates of custom, and yield to the impression of every object round them, without any guide but sense, or any power but that of imitation, who have sensibilty without sentiment, and vivacity without pleasure. The lowest in this scale are those who look upon themselves as made to consume the fruits of the ground, and have no other sense but hunger and thrist. Their whole employment is to excite and gratify their appetites: their pleasure is insensibility, and the most distinguished periods of their lives are the seasons of refreshment and rest; and, therefore, they may be compared to those vegetables which flourish or decay as the elements bestow or deny their influence.

The highest perfection of life is, that regular system of thinking or acting, which affords the completest gratification to the mind and body, and produces most public and private happiness.

—

A RECEIPT FOR FRIENDSHIP.

IN Pliny's Natural History, we find a curious receipt for making the Roman *Friendship;* a cordial that was universally esteemed in those days, and very few families of any credit were without it. In the same place, he says, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greatest perfection.

The old Roman friendship, was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal was *union of hearts*, a fine flower that grew in several parts of the empire; *sincerity*, *frankness*, *disinterestedness*, *pity*, and *tenderness*, of each an equal quantity; these were all mixed together with two rich oils, which they called *perpetual kind wishes*, and *serenity of temper*; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the *desire of pleasing*, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. This cordial thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it; and what is very remarkable, says our author, it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it.

The Moderns have most grosly adulterated this fine receipt: some of the ingredients, indeed, are not to be found; but what they impose upon you, as friendship, is as follows:

Outward professions, (a common weed that grows every where) instead of the flower of *union*; the *desire of being pleased*, a large quanity; of *self-interest*, *conveniency*, and *reservedness*, many handfuls; a *little pity* and *tenderness*. But some pretend to make it up without these two last: and the common oil of *inconstancy*, which, like our linseed oil, is cold drawn every hour, serves to mix them together. Most of these ingredients being of a perishable nature, it will not keep, and shews itself to be counterfeit, by lessening continually in weight and value.

MAXIM.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

The Enigmatist, No. 4.

—

....."*Trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo.*" HOR.

He collects every thing in his power, and adds it to the heap.

25. In what order must I plant 14 trees, to make 21 rows, each row to contain 3 trees?

26. 2 pray meet me 3.

27. What is the signification of C fm?

28. Why is a man above stairs, murdering his wife, doing what every good man ought?

29. If you were up-stairs when the house was on fire, and the stairs away, how would you get down?

30. Why do *white* sheep eat more than *black*?

31. My first, if you do, will increase,
My second, will keep you from heav'n,
My whole, such is human caprice,
Is seldomer taken than giv'n.

32. What word is that of seven syllables in which there is only one of the vowels used?

ROGO.

CARD.—Rogo begs leave to state to his readers, that he is not accountable for any trespass upon orthographical accuracy, which they may find in his communications, as they are not original, *as was expressed in his introduction.*

—

Answers to the Enigmatist, No. 3, page 277.

21. A Bed-fellow.
22. Innocence.—In O sense.
23. Abundance.
24. Wo-man.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

TO so great an excess is LUXURY carried in Paris, that several ladies actually have their hair powdered with FILINGS OF GOLD! We thought this folly would have expired with the profligate and silly successor of MARCUS AURELIUS.

The young ladies wear their wigs A LA TITUS; the matrons have got into more sober attire; crape gowns are all the mode, and wreaths of muslin, with vine leaves and wreaths of flowers, form the generality of head dresses. Some have their veils twisted into turbans, but this fashion seems on the decline.

Their favourite head-dress in the COSTUME DE BAL at Paris, consists of the hair in tortuous locks upon the forehead and cheek, and then combed smoothly back to the nape of the neck, where it is twisted, braided with pearls, comes round the fore part of the head, beneath which, on the left side, passes a golden arrow, standing erect, the feathered end up, like an esprite, and the barb pointing down towards the ear. A white petticoat ornamented round the bottom with pink lozenges, edged with gold or silver muslin, with short sleeves, and cut low behind and before. No handkerchief.

The Parisian young men of fashion have laid aside the figured flaps to the pockets of their blue frock coats. The scarlet waistcoat with falling flaps, is sometimes trimmed with gold edging, and sometimes with broad galloon. The black CULOTTE is still worn short, with small tufts to the knee-bands, which pass into small golden buckles. The hat has departed a little from the Prussian form, though its leaf is still very broad. The watch keys are in the shape of a pair of bellows; some of them are at once a key, a double seal, and a box for a portrait.

—

NEW HEAD DRESS.

The Fury Head-Dress is one of the most fashionable in the present Parisian costume. It consists of a band of long twisted curls round the face in imitation of *snakes and scorpions.*

AN ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

SIR,

YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me, that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God, and to my country, which I think cannot without folly be staked against your's. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safty: but remember, to prevent assassination, I have a *sword*; and to chastise insolence, a *cane.*

GREATNESS OF SOUL.

When Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnstone came to this country, in the year 1778, as Commissioners to accommodate the differences between Great Britain and the United States, they employed an American lady to make secret overtures to several of the leading members of Congress. To General Read she was authorised to promise the sum of £. 10,000 sterling, and the best office in the country in his majesty's gift, on condition of his exerting his talents and influence in bringing about a reconciliation between the contending parties—His reply to this propos tion is equal perhaps to any thing on record—"Madam," said he, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to do it."

ANECDOTE.

AMONG the strange, and generally ridiculous anecdotes of Americans, so common in foreign prints, we have not seen any more singular than the following, from a Glasgow paper of the 26th January, 1802.—"The following anecdote is told by a gentleman who came passenger in the Recovery, from New-York, at the time the Fever was raging there, he met a dray loaded with *coffins*; the *drayman* swaggering behind, half drunk, singing, "*Hail Columbia! happy land!*"

NATIONAL DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Monthly Magazine says,—"the value of all the gold and silver that has been taken from the bowels of the earth, as far as history or tradition extends, falls short of the national debt of Great Britain; for the latter on the 5th of August 1796 amounted to 409,665,570l. 18s. 4d. and the whole of the former makes only 367,166,666l. so that the national debt is greater by above 42 millions sterling.

"It appears also that if Great Britain had possession of all the mines in the world, they would not pay half of the interest of of her debt; for the whole annual produce of the mines are below eight millions sterling; and the interest of the national debt, on the 5th of August, was 16,272,597l. 5s. 7d.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

—

Annapolis, (Mar.) June 26.

SIR,

The following are copied from publications of twenty years standing; they may probably amuse some of your readers F. G.

—

PARADOX.

ONE thing of you kind sir, I crave,
Which you yourself can never have;
Yet, if you love me as you say,
Pray give it me—I'm sure you may.

—

REBUSES.

Cato and Chloe combin'd well together,
Will furnish a thing not amiss in cold weather.

—

Ye witty swains, and lovely fair,
Take a garment oft ye wear,
Cast one fourth of it away;
Then a savage beast of prey,
Equally you must divide;
With half what causes ships to ride:
Connecting these, a thing you have,
That makes our great men often rave.

(To be Continued.)

HYMNS.

HYMN VI.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.
Psal. ciii. 2.

EARLY, my God, from cares, from troubles free,
My soul would rise on Meditation's wing,
Would grateful offring humbly bring to thee,
Who art of life the uncreated spring:
O Sp'rit divine, inspire my tongue
To praise my Maker in my song.

Since life, thy gift, did warm my feeble frame,
And taught my active members all to move,
Thou ALL-WISE BEING, still my end and aim,
Hast guarded safe, encircling in thy love:
A sure defence I ever found,
And still thy goodness doth abound,

In childhood's playful, thoughtless, giddy age,
When all I woo'd were only trifling toys,
Thy tenderness did ev'ry grief assuage,
Las'd all my pains, and banish'd all my sighs:
Around me smil'd a pleasing band
Of comforts flowing from thy hand.

When youthful thoughts, and op'ning views impell'd
My hand to act, my active thoughts to soar;
When fancy open'd wide a flow'ry field,
And passion whisper'd, "All these sweets explore,"
Thy Spirit came with heav'nly light,
And dark delusion sunk in night:

Thou clear'dst from mists my intellectual ray,
And sinful pleasure's monstrous form appear'd;
I saw there DEATH—DESTRUCTION led the way—
Thy Sp'rit enliv'd and thy mercy spar'd:
Henceforth my song shall ever be
Thy love, thy goodness, matchless, free.

Thus thou hast led, through ev'ry changing stage,
In life's eventful course, me up to man;
By thee my soul has brav'd proud passion's rage,—
And ev'ry view extends thy mercy's plan:
Inspire my heart, O teach my tongue,
To sound thy praise in endless song.

X. W. T.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 17, 1802.

Mr. WILLIAM MORSE, of New-Haven, Connecticut, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Mavor's Voyages and Travels*, in the same style, and at the same price as the Philadelphia edition, now publishing by Mr. SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.

Accounts respecting the Revival of Religion, from Cambden, South Carolina, dated June 1st, state, that at a meeting lately held at the Wexhaw settlement in that place, not less than *twenty-one divines* attended, viz. eleven of the Presbyterian, five of the Baptist, and five of the Methodist denomination; and upwards of 6,000 people,

[FROM POULSON'S GAZETTE.]

Interments in the different Burial Grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in June, 1802, *to wit,*

		Adults.	*Children.*
1	Christ's Church	4	3
2	Saint Peter's	4	3
3	Saint Paul's	1	1
4	German Lutheran	14	10
5	German Presbyterian	6	3
6	Society of Friends	13	7
7	Saint Mary's	2	2
8	Holy Trinity	3	4
9	First Presbyterian	1	2
10	Second Presbyterian	2	1
11	Third Presbyterian	0	2
12	Scotch Presbyterian	2	2
13	Associate Church	0	0
14	Moravians	0	0
15	Swedes	2	1
16	Methodists	2	1
17	Free Quakers	0	0
18	Baptists	3	1
19	Universalists	0	0
20	Jews	0	0
21	African Episcopalians	1	0
22	African Methodists	0	0
23	Kensington burial ground	9	5
24	Coats's burial ground	0	0
25	Public burial ground	27	19
	Totals	96	67
	Grown Persons	96	
	Children	67	
	TOTAL	163	

The following are the deseases of which they died, as far as can be correctly ascertained:

Apoplexy	3	Brought forward	48
Bilious cholic	2	Mortification	1
Childbed	3	Measles	2
Cold	1	Nervous Fever	2
Consumption	10	Old Age	6
Cramp	1	Pleurisy	3
Dropsy	2	Purging and Vomiting	8
Drowned	1	Palsy	1
Decay	1	Quinsy	1
Fits	5	Sore Throat	3
Fever	4	Small Pox	5
Fall	1	Scarlet Fever	11
Hives	6	Still-born	2
Hooping Cough	3	Teeth and worms	3
Infancy	5	Diseases not mentioned	96
Carried forward	48		67
			163

RECAPITULATION.

1802.	Adults.	Children.	Totals.
January,	142	75	217
February,	110	60	170
March,	100	47	147
April,	90	58	148
May,	82	59	141
June,	96	67	163
	620	366	986

According to a calculation formed upon the plan of the Count D'ARANDA, the population of Spain amounts to 9,307,801 individuals, of whom 157,805 are composed of the regular and secular clergy.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. George Potts, Mr. Samuel Park, to Miss Christiana Johnson, both of this city.

——On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. Jacob Warren, to Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

——On the 15th inst. by Alderman Wharton, Walter Franklin, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, to Miss Ann Emlin, daughter of the late Mr James Emlin.

——Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Abercombie, Mr. Samuel Evans, to Miss Hannah Oldfield, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, at Winchester, Virginia, on the 6th inst. Gen. DANIEL MORGAN, in the 66th year of his age.

To enumerate his heroic exploits during the contest with Great Britain, which ended in the establishment of the Independence of these United States, would require the pen of a more able panegyrist. Should the writer of this article make the attempt, the subject would be too copious for a newspaper. History has done justice to his name, and will hand it to posterity as an example of cool, undaunted and determinate bravery. Suffice it to say, that his expedition to Quebec, in which he surmounted, with his brave associates, to the astonishment of his country, every difficulty and danger which human nature can be exposed to; and the battle of the Cowpens, in which he completely routed and captured a superior force, will long be themes on which an American tongue will delight to dwell. No man knew better how to gain the love and esteem of his men; where he led they always followed with alacrity and confidence.

For his victory at the Cowpens, Congress presented him with a medal of Gold, and the Legislature of Virginia an elegant sword and a pair of pistols, as testimonials of the exalted opinion they entertained of his great military genius.

——At Washington, on the 7th, Mrs. Letitia Jack, wife of Mr. John Jack, of that city, aged 26.

——On the 11th, in the 46th year of her age, Mary Oliver, wife of Nicholas Oliver, late of Germantown.

——At Germantown, on the 12th, Mr. James M'Gee, aged 84 years. In the faithful discharge of the various duties of life without a sigh:

Like timely fruit, not taken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough!

——On the 13th, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris.

——On the 14th, Mr. John Crawford, cabinet-maker, late of the house of Kelly and Crawford.

——On the 15th, Mr. ROBERT AITKEN, Printer and Bookseller, an old and much respected citizen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Enigmatist, No.* 5, 6 & 7." are received.

As *Alonzo S.* appears extremely solicitous to be permitted to continue his enigmatical list of young ladies, the edi or will for a time wave his objections to this species of composition.

"*The Emigrant,*" by *Carlos*, in our next.

Further communications from our correspondent in Annapolis have been received, and will be punctually attended to.

Several poetical favours, deferred some weeks, will be speedily published.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES
WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS.

HAIL sylvan scenes! blithe Pleasures gladsome glades!
Once more my raptur'd eyes, well pleas'd, behold
The jocund train led out beneath your shades;
While parting Phœbus gilds the mount with gold.

And thou, my pipe, begin thy wonted song,
Health calls thee to resume the cheering strains;
Begin, and echo shall the notes prolong,
Begin and joy shall roll along the plains.

When late Disease, with ghastly, baleful eye,
Her pois'nous mildew in my bosom shed;
Hope, lovely nymph, came tripping gently by,
Spoke peace, and kindly rais'd my drooping head.

Sweet were the sounds, which from her gentle tongue,
Mellifluous roll'd soft as the warbling lyre;
My heart entranced caught the plaintive song,
Bounded with joy—such joy can Hope inspire.

Thus spoke the power:—"My votary lend an ear:
"Thy bark which floats along the stream of life,
"Which oft has struck against the rocks of care,
"Shall soon be moor'd, safe from the storms of strife:

"Shall soon be wafted, by the pleasant gales
"Of fond desire, to a kind harbour near;
"Where love shall gently furl her spreading sails,
"And bliss shall give the little wand'rer cheer."

The goddess ceas'd—but still her fancied voice
Spoke peace beyond the reach of care to move;
My flutt'ring heart cried out aloud, "Rejoice,
Hope gives the word"—and sure her words are love.

See o'er the wood pale Cynthia guides her car!
The fairy choir, enliven'd by her beam,
Collect their busy numbers from afar,
And ply their airy gambols on the green.

The shepherd's pipe, the signal for the dance,
Now swells upon the gale with cheering sound;
See the fair maidens' lovely train advance,
While love wakes joy and archly smiles around.

Fair as the dew-drop—comely as the morn,—
Lovely as innocence in smiles array'd,
Is that fond maid, whom virtue's robes adorn,
When partial honours by her swain are paid.

Warm is the cheek which glows with youthful bloom,
Sweet is the throbbing breast to love allied;
Sparkling the eyes that beauty's smiles illume—
The shepherd's pleasure, and the poet's pride.

The dance commences—come ye jovial swains!
Old folks delighted see the young appear;
Hark! blithsome fancy, o'er the dewy plains,
Whispers, "Content and happiness are here."

Hail sylvan scenes! where oft my youth essay'd
(Charm'd with soft song) the love-strain'd notes to raise;
Bright goddess, Health, to thee my vows be paid,
The incense pure of *gratitude* and *praise*.

FLORIO.

TO THE REV. J—— D——S.
WHO RESIDES IN CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd!!
REV. J—— D——S.

UNHAPPY Bard! and do you wish for "rest,"
While "moans" and "sighs come sobbing in the breeze?
While flies "th' unhappy screech-owl" from her nest,
And hoots "in concert with yon groaning trees?"

O! "banish fancied fears," and rise "from bed,"
While yet the sun hangs "o'er the eastern main;"
O! seize thy lyre (the "phantoms dark" are fled)
While we enraptur'd listen to its strain.

Or take thy pen, that magic wand! and give
The rose of June to "*sip* October's dew;"
Nor heed the gard'ner, should he say, none live
In that late season, that he ever knew.

A Goth! a Vandal! how dares he compare
Dull nature's rules with thy poetic glow!
Perhaps (as obstinate) he'd even swear
On "Eglantines" that Roses seldom blow.

No more—of him—Oh! how I pant for breath!
What rage at Critics all his bosom moves!
Who think, forsooth! a Hind, when "struck by death,"
Can neither "fly," nor "find out those she loves."

For such may none "traverse the desart walk!"
Nor "innocence" nor "wit" e'er "ope their charms!"
No "fav'rite plants nor shrubs recall sweet talk!"
Nor e'en a heart feel "new unfelt alarms!"

Whilst thou thy "fertile genius much improv'd,"
Inspir'd, shalt burn with all the muses' flame;
And, rapture'd, feel "an innate ardent love"
To taste those pleasures *silence* best can name."

Yes! while such Critics are beheld with scorn,
Thy song, sweet Bard! whose *muse forbids to die*,
"The trump of fame on rapid pinions borne,"
Shall spread around—where'er a trump can fly.

Then chaunt again that strain of sense and wit,
Which loud resounded "thro' the eastern shore!"—
How would we grieve if thou the lyre should'st quit!
How sigh, alas! if thou should'st sing—"no more!"

PASQUIN.

A DREAM.

LAST night when on my pillow laid,
My busy thoughts immers'd in care,
Fancy her airy visions rais'd
Of future ills an ample share.

Methought, as in life's crooked way,
Heedless I saunter'd on secure,
Pleasure stood tiptoe, blythe and gay,
Jocund with smiles, her constant lure.

Not rich, not poor—but health, content
And competence my efforts bless'd,
Joyous the busy day was spent,
My grateful thanks to heav'n address'd.

The cup of bliss thus so replete,
Could ought be wanting to ensure
A sum of fortune more complete—
'Twas love's return, ardent and pure.

I look'd among the giddy train,
Of gaudy flirts that flutter'd round;
'Twas labour lost, 'twas all in vain,
Nothing but folly there I found.

Still crowding with the lively throng
Of sprightly belles that circl'd round,
Buoy'd by hope still pressing on,
The choice was made, the girl was found.

I found the girl, that with her smiles
Could fascinate my future cares,
Whose soft and sweet bewitching wiles
Could sweeten all my future years.

I ply'd her gently with my love,
She soothing gave me kind return,
And oft invok'd the pow'rs above
To witness of her love in turn.

The cup of bliss thus so replete,
Could ought my happiness improve?
What but a gift of God complete,—
The sweet return of constant love.

Woman! thou all that life can bless;
Thou all that life with gloom may curse;
Thou gentle source of happiness,
Must I thy falsehood now rehearse?

One eve when all were hush'd in sleep,
When nought the silent calm disturb'd,
And nature from her inmost deep
Whisper'd her cares, no breath was heard.

No sleep my eyelids then would close,
Still thinking on my soul's delight,
I sought in vain the wish'd repose,
Her image still stood in my sight.

I 'rose and travers'd o'er the heath,
With rapid pace I sought her home,
Onward I trac'd the devious path,
Hoping the welcome yet to come.

As now toward the house I bend,
Far from the path my footsteps stray'd,
They led me to my purpos'd end—
But blackest falsehood soon betray'd.

List'ning, in care still tracing out,
With fearful tread my crooked way,
I heard a voice with rapture shout,
"Hasten my love, why this delay!"

The voice was her's—I hasten'd on—
The Syren! 'twas not meant for me;
Now saw her on another fawn,
Repeating vows of constancy.

The cup of bliss dash'd to the ground,
I curs'd her false deluding reign,
'Woke in despair, rejoicing found....
'Twas but a phantom of the brain.

CORYDON.

*Answer to the Enigmatical List of ****** Young Ladies, in Page 256.*

1. Miss Pearson
2. Miss Poultney
3. Miss Biddle
4. Miss Cruikshank
5. Miss Esther M. Roberts
7. Miss Green.